

This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1801, of Cardinal Newman, a famous divine and a moulder of public opinion. He holds a big place in the history of the development of intellectual England in the nineteenth century. He died in 1890.

The Inside of the Cup

An Inspiring Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift With Many Dramatic and Human Scenes

By Winston Churchill

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Oracle," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

"It is not me he misjudges, Alison. It is mankind—it is God. That is his terrible misfortune." Hodder released her tenderly. "You must see him—you must tell him—that when he needs you you will come."

"I will see him now," she said. "You will wait for me?"

"Now," he repeated, taken back by her resolution, though it was characteristic.

"Yes, I will go as I am. I can send for my things. My father has given me no choice, no reprieve—not that I wish one. I have you, dear, I will stay with Mr. Bentley tonight and leave for New York tomorrow, to do what I have to do—what then you will be ready for me?"

"Yes," he said. "I shall be ready."

He lingered in the well-remembered hall. And when at last she came down again her eyes shone bravely through her tears, her look answered the question of his own. There was no need for speech. With not so much as a look behind her left, with him, her father's house.

Outside the mist had become a drizzle, and as they went down the walk together beside the driveway she slipped her arm into his, pressing close to his side. Her intuition was perfect, the courage of her love sublime.

"I have you, dear," she whispered; "never in my life before have I been rich."

"Alison!"

It was all he could say, but the intensity of his mingled feeling went into the syllables of her name. An impulse made them pause and turn, and they stood looking back together at the great house which loomed the greater in the thickening darkness, its windows edged with glow.

Never, as in this moment when the cold rain wet their faces, had the thought of its comfort and warmth and luxury struck him so vividly; yes, and of its terror and loneliness now, of the tortured spirit in it that found no rest.

"Oh, John," she cried, "if we only could!"

He understood her. Such was the perfect quality of their sympathy that she had voiced his thought. What were rain and cold, the inclemency of the elements, to them? What the beauty and the warmth of those great, empty rooms to Eileen Parr? Out of the heaven of their happiness they looked down, helpless, into the horrors of the luxury of hell.

British Women Urge Plain Dress for Juries



LADY ALEXANDER.

"Mother, may I be a juror today?" "Oh, yes, my darling daughter. Wear a sensible dress, I pray. And act the way you ought."

(By International News Service.) LONDON, Feb. 21.—Justice has always been pictured as a blindfolded goddess, but they may need blinders for the judges and attorneys to keep their minds on their work if women appear in the jury box in short skirts, open-work hosiery and flashy hats. It has already been suggested that robes be provided for the women jurors, but mildy rebels at such a sombre covering.

Lady Alexander, generally acclaimed the best dressed English society woman, approves of only the plainest garb for women in the jury box.

"For women who must choose their dress from limited wardrobes, a coat and skirt possible, and the smallest hat, which should be denuded of any feathers that it may possess; further, I suggest that jurymen should eliminate anything from their clothing that would be likely to attract undue attention to the jury-box."

Lady Asquith, another well-known society woman, disapproves of the robe idea.

"I should hate to have a robe served out to me," she said. "Why, you don't know what infectious ailments you might catch. Let women dress sensibly and if their hats or the feathers in their hats are in the way, let them take them off the same as they do in the theater."

Did you seriously think, dear, that we could have deceived Mr. Bentley? Then you are not as clever as I thought you. As soon as it happened I sent him a note—that very night. For I felt that he ought to be told first of all."

"And as usual," Hodder answered, "you were right."

Supper was but a continuation of that delicious sense of intimacy. And Sam, beaming in his starched shirt and swallow-tail, had an air of presiding over a banquet of state. And for that matter none had ever gone away hungry from this table, either for meat or love. It was, indeed, a consecrated meal, consecrated for being just there. Such was the fact, more so, that the old lady had acquired from his master that he felt the dishes on the shining mahogany board and bowed himself out.

"When you want me, Miss Alison, des ring me!"

She was seated upright, yet charmingly graceful, behind the old English coffee service which had been Mr. Bentley's mother's. And it was she who, by her wonderful self-possession, by the reassuring smile she gave him as she handed him his cup, endowed it all with reality.

"It's strange," she said, "but it seems as though I had been doing it all my life, instead of just beginning."

"And you do it is though you had," he declared.

"Which is a proof," she replied, "of the superior adaptability of women."

He did not deny it. He would not. In truth, he had disputed her wild statement, but he had not, presently, after they had gone back into the library and were seated side by side before the coals, they spoke again of serious things, marveling at the state of a happiness which could be tinged and yet unmarred by vicarious sorrow.

Theirs was the sober, profound happiness of gratitude and wonder at the state of a happiness which could be tinged and yet unmarred by vicarious sorrow.

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IN GOD'S TIME.

"In God's good time," he answered her. "Life is terrible!" she said. "Think of what he must have done to suffer so, to be condemned to this! And when went to him, just now, he wouldn't even kiss me good-by. Oh, my dear, if I hadn't had you to take me, what should I have done?"

"It never was a home to me—to any of us, and as I look back now, all the troubles began when we moved into it. I can only think of it as a huge prison, all the more sinister for its costliness."

A prison! It had once been his own conceit. He drew her gently away, and they walked together along Park street toward the distant arc-light at the corner which fung a swinging band along the wet pavement.

"Perhaps it was because I was too young to know what trouble was when we lived in Ransome street," she said. "But I can remember now how sad my mother was at times—it almost seemed as though she had a premonition."

Alison's voice came.

"The car came roaring through the darkness, and which stopped protectingly at their corner, was ablaze with electricity, almost filled with passengers. A young man with a bundle changed his place in order that they might sit together in one of the little benches bordering the aisle; op-

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Wholesale Selling Price of Beef in Washington

Week Ending	Low	High	Per Cwt.	Av. Price
Jan. 1	16.63			
Jan. 8	17.01			
Jan. 15	16.73			
Jan. 22	16.47			
Jan. 29	15.35			
Feb. 5	14.37			
Feb. 12	12.97			
Feb. 19	\$11.00	\$16.00	\$13.51	

Swift & Company U. S. A.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS.



"DAWGUNNIT! I GUESS THAT DURN POWER HAS DONE GIVE OUT ON ME AGIN!"

ONE OF THE YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL KIDS WHO IS STUDYING PHYSICS MAKES USE OF THE CAR TO TRY OUT A LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN LEVERAGE.

Frocks for Smart Dance

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE dance frocks for early spring fascinate with their soft colorings and modish lines.

One exquisite dance frock is of red tulle and glittering jewels, boasting a full, short skirt of tomato red, and over this a chemise robe, split up the sides to the waist, allowing the tulle to flare attractively. The overdress is cut from brick red, iridescent cloth, traced by an elaborate pearly design. A broad girdle of the tulle is draped about the hips and tied in a huge bow at the left side. Tomato red slippers and stockings complete the costume.

Numerous green frocks suggest spring, and evening gowns are assuming this color in all the loveliest shades imaginable. One clever little taffeta frock, all frilled up for the occasion, has a bodice gored to fit the figure snugly and finished with a stomacher (pointed in front). But the skirt is not at all close with its three bouffant ruffles prettily scalloped. A few silver motifs are traced on the bodice, and silver slippers make a charming finish.

Shaded georgette is much in evidence. For party wear it chooses orange and creates a smart frock melting into gold, yellow and pale lemon. It drapes itself to mold the figure in a hip-length cascade and fashions its skirt of four short tunics, one lapping the other.

This model lends itself gracefully to the blending of colors, especially in the skirt. It is also smart in various shades of lavender, ranging from violet to orchid. From flame to deep peach is effective when carried out in the melting shades.

White satin, marked by silver brocade, is draped into a gorgeous gown wrapped tight about the figure, forming a big cascade at the right hip. At the left side a big, soft ostrich feather is thrust and lends a very desirable color note.

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Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

I BELIEVE HE DOESN'T.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Am a young lady of twenty-one, considered very pretty and attractive. I am acquainted with a young man ten years my senior. I am very much in love with him, but he has no idea of it. Now, Miss Fairfax, I would like very much to know if he cares for me and I am writing to you for a little knowledge on this subject.

"POLLY."

No, I believe he can't be in love with you, or else you are very dense. A woman intuitively or instinctively, whichever you care to call it, always knows when a man is in love with her. However, don't be anything foolish, even if you do love him. That would be a good way to lose the little interest he may have.

TOO YOUNG.

There is a young man two years my senior whom I have been going with for about two months. Now Miss Fairfax, I have grown tired of his company and would like you to advise on how to let him know without hurting his feelings, as he is a very nice boy.

I am very fond of a Tech High School cadet who I am sure knows this other fellow, and I don't want to have any heart ache.

BRUNETTE DOT.

Perhaps you can manage to be busy or to have some other engagement when he wants to come to see you, in which event he probably will seek pleasure somewhere else, and gradually stop coming.

Anyway, a girl of sixteen is too young to have a steady caller.

FLEER AND PURSUE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years old and I am in love with a girl eighteen. I know she likes me. I take her to parties, and in the evening she comes around to the house and talks to me. But she is in love with another fellow who goes to her church. So can you give me any advice how to win her?

RAT D.

It would seem as if you were getting along very nicely. She comes to see you, does she? What more do you want? Most any man would consider you lucky. If she is a wise young lady, after you are sufficiently interested, she will turn the tables and become the pursuer, and expect you to become the pursued. Make the most of the opportunity.

Rat Is the Victor

Tests just completed by the University of California to determine the relative intelligence of the common variety of rat and a college student, have ended with the rat the victor. The Psychology Department of the university, which conducted the unusual procedure, showed by actual experiment that the rodent used superior intelligence power to that of a human being.

The animal was placed in a labyrinth or maze of pathways through which but one way was open to the extreme end, where food was placed. In less than ten seconds it had reached the food point and had covered approximately 100 feet in distance.

Is Marriage a Success?

MEN, PLEASE ANSWER.

Will some of the men readers of this column please answer the following question:

If you are married to a woman you love, and after about two or three years she means to leave you, would you throw your wife over your shoulder? It seems that every man I know tells me he would not.

What have you to say honestly? DOTTIE.

THE MODEL HUSBAND—HAVE YOU ONE?

My idea of a model husband is a man who is clean, inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose money without squealing and win without bragging; considered of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie; too generous to cheat, too sensible to loaf, and who takes his share of this world's goods and lets other people have theirs.

From one who has such a man; therefore they are not impossible. MRS. F. J. P.

(How many more model husbands are there in Washington? Have you one? Tell readers of the Times about him—ED.)

SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY.

"Just a Dreamer" wants to know if true love can be found. I am a young man and have been wondering the same thing. I have spent a lot of time going around with girls that don't care for anything except to make a good showing and dress. Am thoroughly honest and respectable and have no bad habits.

If I could find a girl who is sensible and understands the meaning of true love, she wouldn't have to worry about me loving her. I would love her every night in the week if necessary, and not be out to clubs and other things as some fellows do.

LONESOME.

THE SUPERWOMAN.

THE woman was lunching yesterday with a friend who has made a name for herself in the automobile world and who is a bonafide, full-fledged agent for two automobiles.

And as the proverbial woman's luncheon of salad, coffee, ice cream and much talk progressed, the woman realized that she was talking to a new woman, one of those who has mastered the trail.

The Automobile Lady has a house to run, a son to take to school each morning before eight and bring back in the afternoon, Saturdays included, and a husband to look after, and the 101 details that go with domestic life, and yet she talked glibly of capital and profits, 2 per cent bank interest, investment and the technicalities of income tax returns, and just as she was leaving, she announced quite casually that next week her former employer was going to work for her.

This is an example of the superwoman that the feminists prophesied and men scoffed at. Ladies, she was arrived!

LOUIE.

"Not long ago I had a nice letter from John," she told The Woman. "It was full of the good times he was having, but he closed by saying, 'Mother, please send me some money at once. I haven't any, only a dollar and what's in my mite box!'"

There are peaks on the moon from 30,000 to 38,000 feet high. Mt. Everest can boast only 29,140 feet. Altogether the moon has nearly forty peaks higher than Mont Blanc. Proportionately the earth's ranges are mere hills.

Mr. Dimock Has His Entrance and His Exit

New Novel by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan Is An Interesting Story of Today, With the World for Its Setting.

By WARREN SPENCER

Thanks, Mrs. O'Sullivan, for an honest novel, one that is built on the time-tried lines laid down by the masters. There have been too many of these new-fangled novels that begin nowhere and end in the air. Commend us, therefore, to "Mr. Dimock." It has a definite beginning. Likewise a definite ending. The first chapter is entitled "Enter Mr. Dimock," the last is headed "Exit Mr. Dimock." Could anything be fairer than that?

"Mr. Dimock" (John Lane Company, New York) by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan is, as the subheading has it, "A novel of today." And a novel of today to be so in fact as well as in name must be cosmopolitan.

In Mrs. O'Sullivan's novel are Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Serbians, children, Bolsheviks, Sinn Feiners, and pacifists—the last named being in the nature of an afterthought.

Mr. Dimock himself—can we call him the hero?—is an American who spends his golden moments in his beloved London and visits Yonkers and New York as many as twenty times in twenty-two years. Any man who does that deserves to have a book written about and named after him, and so to have his entrance and his exit.

Mr. Dimock is forty-six as the story opens, and when a man is forty-six, a widower, and fancy-free—well, just to show you what we mean, let us board the great trans-Atlantic liner that is taking Mr. Dimock to his beloved England.

"Horace" (that's Mr. Dimock) turned his eyes from the gray cloud on the right that meant France to the luminous vagueness on the other horizon that was England. Katty Frake was herself behind that vagueness; somehow he couldn't picture her. He inquired of the stewardess her monicler, her white hair, in that shifting softness.

"How easily, on the contrary, he saw her sister Crystal's gentle eyes, and a certain serene way Crystal had in lifting her beautiful head! Beautiful Crystal McClintock was, Horace reassured himself anew as to his own discrimination, for it was to Crystal he was returning. He had not seen her for two years, and there was something like her (Horace had not expected to feel poetic at 44, m.) in the opalescent gray of this English morning."

On the ship the recent demand on his influence to keep his pretty ward, Daphne O'Brien, out of a convent? Horace liked the picture of these

The George H. Doran Company will publish this month the following books of fiction: "The Magician" by W. Somerset Maugham; "A Reckless Puritan," by Mrs. Victor Rickard; "Sestina," by A. Saffron; "Middleton, and Imprudence" by F. E. Mills Young.

John Lane Company have just put to press new editions of the following novels by William J. Locke: "The Beloved Vagabond" (17th); "The Fortunate Youth" (14th); "Idols" (8th). Also, Lawrence Gilman's "Edward MacDowell" (14th) and "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" (30th).

Hair Ball in Stomach

The serious consequences of a bad childish habit is related in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Whitmore reports the case of a girl, aged thirteen years, who entered the hospital with a diagnosis of acute appendicitis. For a year or more she had been in the habit of pulling hair from her head, winding it about her finger and then sucking her finger.

One year ago she began to have periodic attacks of pain in her stomach every two or three months, lasting a week. Between attacks there was no trouble. She had almost constant pain in her stomach, which was worse when she moved about and disappeared when she lay down. At operation a large, hard mass, which was so hard that it could not be felt inside the stomach. A hair-ball, about the size and shape of the inside of the stomach, weighing 212 gm. (about seven ounces), was removed.

Harold P. Stoddard.

China and Glasses

An ADVERTORIAL

MARCO POLO, visiting China in 1260, found natives wearing spectacles. His friend traded his finest horse for a pair of these Chinese glasses. Three hundred years ago spectacles were sold according to the wearer's age and cost \$75.

Today the price of glasses is nominal. But the corrective possibilities in the scientifically ground lenses today are well nigh inconceivable. The utmost care and precision of grinding and adjustment characterize all our glasses.

Eye troubles are more prevalent than ever before. Prudence counsels immediate examination here—now

"See RTZ and Be Better!"

1217 G Street N.W.

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